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T H E ~~1609~~ 1677.

TRIUMPH  
OF  
PARNASSUS,  
A  
POEM.  
ON THE  
Birth of His ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE  
PRINCE of WALES.

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DUBLIN.

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THE  
 TRIUMPH  
 OF  
 PARNASSUS, &c.

**M**E too, the love of harmony divine,  
 O'er fam'd Parnassus, and the tuneful  
 shades  
 Of Tempe's flow'ry vale, enraptur'd leads,  
 Fir'd by the beauties of the sacred nine ;  
 Where Phœbus, on his laurel throne,  
 Seated 'midst the virgin choir,  
 Smites the loud immortal lyre,  
 And pours from Helicon the silver tyde ;  
 While Caftalian fountains glide,  
 With liquid feet, the rocks of Pindus down ;  
 Then I invoke the nymphs of Thessaly,  
 Whose iv'ry harps, and songs, allure  
 The golden offspring of Latona pure,  
 Jove's glorious progeny !

A 2

He

He, rising o'er the lift'ning throng,  
 Admits me oft their choirs among,  
 While from Iérne's shore the hymn I raise ;  
 Iérne, favour'd once by Oscian's song,  
 Fam'd for the vocal harp, and druid lays ;  
 What time the midnight forests heard,  
 From ev'ry frantick lawn rob'd bard  
 Th' inspiring verse, and magic off'rings rise  
 From their dim fanes to heav'n ; as they invoke  
 Dark Taranis, from whose red right hand flies  
 The light'ning, pointed at the gnarled oak,  
 And blasts their foes ; while round Andraoste's  
 shrine,

The british virgins chant the mistic rhyme,  
 Imploring conquest ; then the druid sage,  
 Bending with the weight of time,  
 Pay'd to Belinus rites divine,  
 Or call'd Camulus, on his iron car  
 To rush amidst the war,  
 And guide th' ensanguin'd battle's fatal rage.  
 Where dwelt fair fancy, daughter of the muse ?  
 Did she along the verdant margin stray,  
 Which the broad streams of Shannon lave ?  
 Or where swift Liffy, rolling down the lea,  
 Pours her white and sparkling wave ?  
 Or rather did the goddess chuse  
 Her residence, on Tarah's clouded hills ?  
 Imperial Tarah, seat of ancient kings,



Where

Where the Niallian monarchs shone  
On the great Milesian throne ;  
There, from the lofty mountains chrystral springs,  
Forth gush an hundred rills,  
Each rock Parnassus deem'd, each stream an  
Helicon !  
Oft hast thou there, in soleinn strain,  
Sung of Cuchullin's wide renown,  
Conlath's strong launce, and Boroimb's puissant  
reign ;  
High deeds, reccorded yet in Irish songs ;  
And smote the harp, in dreadful harmony,  
For Fergus' cruel fate, and bleeding Connal's  
wrongs.  
Oh deign, bright goddess, from the starry sky  
Once more to visit earth, and with thee bring  
The loftiest strain, the loudest string ;  
Whose sound, reflected from the noisy sea,  
Shall to old Albion's ear the aweful notes con-  
vey.

'Twas where Æmonia's ragged cliffs inclose  
Green Tempe's fragrant groves, from Pindus  
caves  
Where Peneus pours his foaming waves,  
And with a solemn current flows ;  
Whose mournful waters labour to relate,  
Proud Juno's cruel rage, and Io's hapless fate,

That Phœbus with the Muses round,  
Summon'd the British bards, their monarch'  
praise to sound.

First, from Armulla's dale the shepherd came,  
Who after Chaucer sung his mystic lay ;  
(Ierne's boast, and Colin clout his name)  
He kept his flocks along the Mulla's shore,  
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,  
Whose pipe yshrilled on the willowy plain ;  
Him oft attended a fantastick train  
Of Elfin knights, and many a lovely Fay ;  
What time he led his British Arthur forth,  
And Una's champion, with his silver shield,  
To whom at length the dragon stern did yield,  
With many a Paynim knight, of martial worth ;  
When thus, in numbers wild the shepherd sung,  
Numbers, that oft were heard green Arlo's  
woods among.

Ye sacred Virgins, who did whilom dwell  
Near Helicon, and Aganippe's spring,  
Whom since, to Mulla's silver waves, that well  
From aged Mole, my tuneful call did bring,  
Strange tales of love on her green banks to sing,  
Of beauteous dames, and warriors faithless  
crimes,  
And Arthur's deeds, that famous British king ;  
Assist me now, in these degen'rate times,

Oh

Oh deign, again repeat some ancient British  
rhimes.

Then, to imperial Brunswick's awful praise,  
My lowly numbers may ambitious rise ;  
For oft, where ocean's foaming waves embrace  
The ancient rocks, where my lov'd dwelling lies,  
Nymphs, ye have stole with pleasure from the  
skies,  
When silver Cynthia shed her waining light ;  
Before th' entranced shepherd's wand'ring eyes  
Oft have ye past, fair Phantoms of the night !  
And tun'd your airy harps, from Mole's aspi-  
ring height.

'Twas there, arriving from the main sea deep,  
The aged shepherd of the ocean came,  
When as I watch'd my flocks of harmless sheep,  
And told me of his Cynthia's virgin fame,  
(Whom afterwards I Gloriane did name)  
And that strange country, call'd America,  
From us remov'd so far, by Neptune's stream ;  
I wonder'd how he dar'd o'erpass the sea,  
And forc'd a savage race his Princess to obey.

For oft upon the roaring surges high,  
When Triton loudly blew his wreathed horn,  
Around him rose the ocean's monstrous fry,

On the rough back of angry surges borne,  
And storms, and thund'rous clouds, obscur'd  
the morn ;

Ah, had he liv'd in Brunswick's happy reign,  
This man, by Stewart's faithless race forlorn,  
Had not been made a sacrifice to Spain,  
And all his great acquests, and voyages, been  
in vain.

Now had the Briton Prince, fam'd Frederick's  
son,

Fair Albion's darling, mighty Imp of fame !  
The peerless love of royal Charlotte won,  
Great Queen of fairy land ; his rightful claim  
To the proud Elfin throne his knights proclaim ;  
At length th' appointed time of fate drew near,  
When this bright Vandal, this imperial Dame,  
Shou'd to Britannia's gracious monarch bear  
A child, his virtue's and his kingdom's right-  
ful heir.

'Twas where the walls of ancient Troyноване  
Majestick rise, with sacred temples gay,  
That ev'ry knight, and lover militant,  
Appear'd, with shield and launce, that joyful  
day ;

And ev'ry high born dame, and gentle Fay,  
Was there, with sports, and solemn triumph-  
ing.

In all fit equipage, and rich array ;  
To hail the infant son, that was to spring  
From Charlotte, consort bless'd, of Albion's  
youthful king.

The palace of this royal fairy, stood  
Beside the margin of the silver Thames ;  
Where purple banners glitter'd o'er the flood,  
And martial trumpet call'd to solemn games,  
Whose voice, with love of praise, the crowd  
enflames :

There Una, and her red cross knight, was seen,  
There temp'rate Guyon, and the squire of dames  
With Arthegal, and Britomarte, chaste queen !  
Cambel, and Telamond, and Calidore, Iween.

There was the fond, the forelorn, Florimel ;  
Belphebæ sweet, and gentle Satyrane ;  
With pensive Scudamore, and Marinel ;  
Fair Amoret, and Bragadocio vain ;  
And Calepine, that much renown did gain ;  
All these, and many more, in royal state  
Assembled had, within the verdant plain ;  
Never did Albion see a pomp more great,  
Never did British bard a prouder joust relate.

Soon as the joyful tydings were declar'd,  
That to the Briton king a son was born ;  
The Elfin princes for the course prepar'd,

His

His birth, with all their prowess, to adorn ;  
The fairy virgins, blushing like the morn,  
Drew off, and lightly trip'd along the shore ;  
While the shrill trumpet, and the echoing horn,  
Challenge, and answer, made ; each warrior bore  
His beamy launce in rest, and fair display'd his  
power.

Along the river's banks the champions shone,  
And summon'd echo from the neighb'ring plains ;  
Together all the ardent squadrons run,  
Or wheel their foaming steeds with silver reins ;  
Each knight, his former worth in arms, maintains,  
And on his foeman breaks his shiv'ring launce,  
Whose sunbroad shield the hostile shock sustains ;  
Around the lists the gallant coursers prance,  
Now shun th' approaching charge, now terribly  
advance.

Mean time, of Albion's Prince to hail the birth,  
Had Neptune summon'd all his floods around ;  
Those mighty rivers that divide the earth,  
They came, with pop'lar wreaths, and osiers,  
crown'd,  
Each in his native clime as Gods renown'd ;  
Old Ocean's nymphs, the fifty Nereids, meet  
Fair Amphitrite in the stream profound ;

The

The future lord of Albion's rocks to greet,  
And lay their coral crowns, at beauteous Charlotte's feet.

Upon his pearly car was Neptune seen,  
In sem'blance such as Homer sung of old;  
His trident huge upturn'd the waters green;  
The second place did gyant Albion hold,  
Albion, the father of the Britons bold,  
Great son of Neptune! now they reach'd the shore,

Where ancient Thames his sounding waters roll'd;  
For joy the raging seas forgot to roar,  
And on their frothed waves the bright procession bore.

Arion there his dolphin did bestride,  
Along the surge his silver harp was heard;  
The sea Gods all came floating up the tyde,  
The Tritons with their wreathed shells appear'd;  
To heav'n the peal of triumph up they rear'd;  
At length from Maridunum's hideous cave  
Old Merlin came, the famous British bard,  
Where the swift Barry, with impetuous wave  
Of hoary Dynevowre the woody hills doth lave.

“ All hail (he cry’d) ye race of British kings !  
“ The future lords of all beneath the skies ;  
“ When ere your fleets dispread their canvas  
    wings,  
“ Lo ! other Raleighs, other Drakes arise,  
“ Patriots, and statesmen, eloquent, and wise ;  
“ Argument worthy of Mæonian lay,  
“ To tell how wide great Albion’s glory flies ;  
“ In vain, O sov’reign George ! wou’d I essay  
“ Thy virtues and renown, to blazon far away.

“ Thy glorious pedigree, and royal race,  
“ Which from the house of Este derived are ;  
“ Who mightily upheld th’ imperial mace,  
“ Which now the Austrian emp’rors proudly  
    bear ;  
“ Rever’d at home, and terrible in war ;  
“ They with the Saxon line themselves enroll’d,  
“ Whose noble deeds, above the northern star,  
“ In her bright roll, immortal fame doth hold,  
“ Sprung from the German prince, Arminius  
    fam’d of old.

“ Oft too in arms, ye quell’d the Paynim force,  
“ What time ye waraid in the eastern lands ;  
“ At length exalted to the British throne,  
“ Firm as the Cambrian rocks, your empire  
    stands,

“ While

“ While Albion’s flag the subject deep commands ;

“ In vain the king of Gauls exalts his might,

“ Menacing ruin to your gaurded strands ;

“ For ai shall last, if I divine aright,

“ This glorious Guelphian race, on virtue’s top-most height.

“ Already, lo, the Briton king is made

“ The happy father of fair progeny ;

“ Which (to his arms from Elbis banks convey’d)

“ Young Charlotte bore, the grace of Germany ;

“ Oh may their royal issue multiply !

“ Till many a British hero spring from them,

“ Excelling all, that ancient chivalry

“ Relates of Arthur, and his barons fame,

“ And wear, till time’s no more, the British diadem,

His rude lays, thus, the bard of Arlo play’d,  
And while he sung, the muses from their shade  
Attention gave : till on the mountain’s brow,  
Seated sublime, was Shakespear seen,  
Gygantick was his form, and wild his mein ;  
Tempests, and whirlwinds, rag’d below,  
The thunder mutter’d o’er his head,  
And thwart the solemn scene, flash’d forth the lightning red.

While

While on the blasted heath, appear'd  
Witches, and Elves, that oft are heard  
On barren shores, and pathless woods,  
Or dancing on the twilight floods;  
Who the forlorn trav'ler hail,  
Wand'ring in some gloomy vale,  
With sudden shriek, and pass before his sight,  
Pointing the doubtful path, with yellow gleems  
of light.

The bard of Avon now some sacred strain essay'd.

Oft have I seen the morn, with sov'reign eye,  
Flatter the proud tops of the misty hills,  
Kissing with golden lips the meadows green,  
And with a strange and heav'nly alchimy,  
Turning the streams to gold; anon, permit  
The basest clouds, with ugly rack, to ride  
On his celestial face, and hide his beams  
From the forlorn world, while he steals unseen  
With this disgrace to west: Ev'n so, the sun  
Of concord oft hath smil'd on Albion,  
With all triumphant splendor on his brow;  
But out alack, he was but one day ours,  
The region cloud soon mask'd him from the  
sight,

And civil war o'er cast the troubled land;  
While dire ambition, hatred, and revenge,  
Call'd forth, the chiefs, of Lancaster and York,

To

To dig their own graves with their kindred  
swords :

'Twas then that England shed more English  
blood,

Than under Edward, or Plantaginet,  
Had conquer'd France, and won the holy land ;  
Never may civil war, that son of hell,  
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,  
Unsheath again his sword in this sweet isle,  
To waste the golden harvest of our peace ;  
Nor discontent inflame our English peers,  
Or make our barons jealous of their king ;  
Then shall this little continent of Britain,  
This happy realm, this world within itself,  
Command the waves, and awe the thrones of  
earth ;

And Brunswick's glorious race, the sceptre  
fway,

Beyond the chronicles of wasted time ;  
When other kings and kingdoms shall expire,  
And canker'd age o'erturn their memory ;  
Even as the hungry ocean oft doth gain  
Advantage of the kingdom of the shore ;  
Till purest faith, is wilfully foresworn,  
And guilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue, rudely strumpeted,

And

And right, made tonguety'd by authority,  
 'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity,  
 Shall ye pace forth, great line of native kings !  
 Your virtues, and your empire, shall remain,  
 Fixt in the hearts of our posterity,  
 Who wear this world out, to the final doom.

He ceas'd, when Cowley, from the mountain,  
 flung

His golden lyre, impetuous to the plain ;  
 Then rushing downwards, like Alcides strong,  
 Th'immortal poet reach'd the Thespian grove,  
 Where oft the many sounding harp he strung,  
 To Pindar's dithirambick strain,  
 Or with Anacreon sought the sportive throng,  
 And tun'd the dancing strings to love ;  
 Him yet an infant, on his heav'nly lyre,  
 There lull'd to rest, Apollo lay'd ;  
 And Esay's cherub, touch'd his lips with fire,  
 What time, he David's lute essay'd,  
 And Saul's infernal rage, th' harmonious sounds  
 obey'd.

Oh Phœbus, father of th' immortal muse,  
 Inspirer of the vocal strings !  
 If ever I your power ador'd,  
 Or to the lyre's harmonious chord,  
 The praise of heros fung, the deeds of Godlike  
 kings ;

Not

Not now thy vot'ry's boon refuse ;  
To me, to me, thy loudest harp resign,  
Let all the tuneful sisters raise,  
The strain, devote to Albion's Monarch's praises  
And trace the mighty chiefs of Brunswick's  
glorious line :

Nor may'st thou fear this verse can die,  
Which the great deeds of Otbert's sons proclaims,  
Extends beyond this fair erected sky,  
The bright renown of those immortal names ;  
Patriots, and kings, and demigods of old,  
Heroes, to all the thrones of earth ally'd,  
Amidst Germanian emperors enroll'd,  
Who greatly conquer'd, or who nobly dy'd ;  
As the redundant Nile, from ancient time,  
That king of floods, his waters pours  
Along his rich Egyptian shores,  
Unknown to mortals, in what distant clime  
Those dreadful inundations rise,  
Or where his fountain lies ;  
So wide his stream, so lengthen'd in his course,  
That in the clouds alone, perhaps, is found his  
fourse.

Begin, O Muse, and from the Roman spring,  
Whence their clear streams descending flow'd,  
And glory on the godlike race bestow'd,  
The Azzian lords, and Guelphian heroes sing ;

Renown'd in peace, in battle bold,  
 Their warriors brave, and statesmen old.  
 From Regulus, illustrious name,  
 Who fell at Carthage, this great people came,  
 Attilius call'd, from whence the Azzian line;  
 In each descent more mighty still they grew,  
 Encreas'd, with fair applause, and honours new,

And virtues, near divine:

Them liberty, celestial maid,  
 Beheld, from Tiber's banks, and said.  
 " Ye genuine sons of Roman liberty,  
 " Amidst the base degenerate nations go,  
 " And at the head of crowned tyranny,  
 " Th'avenging lance of freedom throw ;  
 " Oh fam'd for martial deeds, and patriot worth,  
 " Behold, with omens fair, I send you forth,  
 " To save the Italian states, and civilize the  
 north.

'Twas then, the brave Foresto rose,  
 When ancient Rome, by savage foes  
 Oppress'd, lay floating in her gore,  
 Fall'n from her ancient fame, and sov'reign  
 power ;  
 When Attila, that man of blood,  
 The fruitful realms of Italy o'erflow'd ;  
 Then violence, with her uplifted spear  
 Stalk'd o'er the ravag'd land, and murd'rous spoil  
 The dire concomitant of horrid war,

Destroy'd

Destroy'd the shepherd's toil :  
Behold, the Azzian prince alarms  
The slumbering sons of Rome to arms ;  
Again her victor eagles spread their wings,  
And strike to earth, the pride of savage kings ;  
Where Aquilea's walls arise,  
With cruel nations warring round,  
Foresto there, of men the most renown'd,  
The last of all the Romans dies ;  
Dies, in all the soldier's pride,  
And Liberty lay bleeding at his side.

At length, transplanted to the German skies,  
See greater scenes, and valiant kings, arise ;  
From Azzo, and from Cunigonda, sprung,  
Bavarian bride, the glorious Guelpho shines,  
A branch of Este, Cheruscian thrones among,  
And to the Saxon race, th' Italian joyns ;  
The Saxon, which from great Arminius came,  
The son of Segimer, whose empire lay  
From Weser's banks, to Elb's redundant stream,  
Zealous defender, of his native land !  
Firm champion of Germanick liberty !  
Witness the Teuthberg wood, and that great day

When Varus perish'd with his host,  
And Cæsar mourn'd his legions lost ;  
They fell beneath the Saxon hero's hand,  
Which crush'd tyrannick power, and set his  
country free.

From him the godlike race descends,  
 And o'er Germania's states extends ;  
 Whose daughters oft, illustrious shone,  
 Upon th' Iberian, Gallic, British, throne ;  
 Whose sons, with glory oft possess  
 Th' imperial sceptre of the West,  
 Or conquer'd in their country's cause,  
 Or perish'd, with expiring laws.

Here pause, my muse ; what yet remains  
 Demands, sublimer thoughts, and more exalted  
 strains ;  
 Remov'd from Weser's streams,  
 To the more glorious banks of Thames,  
 Behold, the virtues of the Brunswick soul,  
 Run like those floods, augmenting as they roll ;  
 Fair race arise, with grateful smiles,  
 Bless this queen of ocean's isles,  
 Ascend the throne of liberty,  
 And rule, the only subjects that are free.

Let Audehard, and Dettingen, proclaim  
 Brunswick's immortal fame ;  
 Witness the floods of Gallick gore,  
 Shed by the awful monarch's dreadful sword ;  
 When Britons warring round their lord,  
 In dark battalions cover'd all the shore ;

And

And vanquish'd Gallia, on the banks of Mayne,  
Beheld her hopes destroy'd, and mourn'd her  
Princes slain.

Still shall fair freedom spread th' historick Page,  
And mark the triumphs of his Age;  
How each succeeding year he rose

More great in war, more dreadful to his foes;  
The hero's, and the patriot's, part sustain'd;  
And ev'ry year, more lov'd by Britain, reign'd.  
Not when fierce Edward, falsely titled great,  
To ruthless slaughter doom'd each British bard,  
O'er Cambria's rocks was equal sorrow heard,  
As now, for mighty Brunswick's sudden fate.

Not when the Romans impious hands o'erthrew  
Old Mona's oaks, and all her Druids flew.

What wondrous deeds did British Arthur grace!  
How fam'd the kings of Tudor's royal race!  
He more than Arthur to his Britons dear,  
Beyond the fifth proud Henry, fam'd in war;  
Never was monarch in fair Albion crown'd,  
At home so much below'd, abroad so much re-

nown'd.

“ Here pause, my muse; what yet remains  
“ Demands sublimer thoughts, and more exalted  
strains.

Then loudly smite the sounding chord,  
While Albion hails her youthful lord.

Thus when some victor consul enter'd Rome,  
From vanquish'd Carthage, or the Gauls  
o'ercome,

Scipio, or Marius; slowly move  
The bright processions o'er the throng;  
Chain'd captives, trophies, born along,

To the proud rock of Capitolian Jove;  
The crowd, with all their thousand eyes,  
Gaz'd on the glitt'ring train with vast surprize;  
But when the laurel'd chief himself appear'd,  
Magnificent, and mounted high,

Upon the car of Victory;

Worthy alone he seem'd of great regard;  
Around his chariot wheels the nations stand,  
And shout their rapt'rous joy, and shake the  
echoing strand.

'Twas then that tuneful Lycidas advanc'd,  
Crown'd with Dodona's oak his brows;  
Around his temples harmless lightnings glanc'd;  
The bard, who sung in Raphael's num'rous prose,  
How Angels against Angels arm'd,  
And proud apostate thrones Messiah's yoke dis-  
dain'd.

Him

Him oft, the golden hair'd Caliope  
Did nightly visit from her starry throne,  
And dictate to him slumb'ring; for his song  
Was sweet, as that of her immortal son,  
Whose gorey head was born along  
To distant Lesbos, down the Thracian Lee:  
Charm'd with his own harmonious lays,  
He wander'd, where Castalian fountains roll'd;  
With Tamyris, and blind Mæonides,  
And Phineus, and Tiresias, prophets old!  
Well pleas'd, they heard him paint the happy  
groves

Of Eden fair, and our first parent's loves;  
But now, his kindred bards among,  
In his lov'd Albion's praise, the poet sung.

'Twas when our first great parent, ere he left  
The bow'rs of Paradise, by Michael led,  
In the visions of God, ascended to the hill  
From whence to th' amplest reach of mortal ken  
In prospect lay those regions where, in time  
To come, imperial Cities rose, the seats  
Of Asia's mightiest empires, that extend  
From Cambalu, Cathaian capitol,  
To Tadmor, and Baälbeck, haughty dome,  
The temple of the sun! hot Africk's sands,  
And Europe's happy climates, blissful plains,

Which ev'n th' inhabitants of highest Heav'n  
beholding thence, might envy ; there he markt  
Fair Gallia's fields, with all her streams, and  
groves,

And mountains, on whose sides the purple vine  
Lay'd forth her ripening grapes ; upon the banks  
Of Seyne, her proud metropolis was rais'd,  
Boasting a mighty race of native kings,  
To Bourbon down, from the stern Charlemagne.

Thence to the lordly Rhine he cast his eyes,  
That bursting from the Alpine mountains, pour'd  
His wave redundant in the Belgic main ;  
Where, in her parent ocean, he beheld  
Britannia thron'd, that Isle so dear to heav'n,  
When Adam thus address'd the winged saint.

Oh thou, that to mine eyes can't represent  
As present things to come, and well display  
The world's unnumber'd Empires, se'er blest,  
Measuring this transient world, and race of time,  
Till time stand fixt ; oh say, what isle is that  
Which flings her white rocks 'gainst the roaring  
surge ?

Hereafter what her name, and rank superb,  
Amidst the thrones of Europe ? Soon return'd  
The great Arch Angel, with regard benign.

That place is Britain : from her sea-girt coasts,  
Lo ! she erects her lofty head, how small

Compar'd

Compar'd to other kingdoms, seem her realms ;  
But her wide fame, not measur'd by her shore,  
Flows proudly to the ocean's utmost bounds,  
Breaking resplendent o'er its highest wave ;  
Where'er she sends her fleets and armies forth  
To distant battle, whether to secure  
Nations ally'd, or win herself renown,  
They march to certain triumph ; see, what ships  
Shadow her harbours with their red-cross flags,  
And richly floating up th' imperial Thames  
Unlade the world's abundance on his shore ;  
Behold, what trains, various, in look, and dress,  
Attend at yonder palace ; sent from kings  
In embassy, the Austrian, Spaniard, Gaul,  
Requesting peace, or bribing Britain's arms,  
Weary'd with toils of death, to shine no more,  
But rest a while from slaughter ; for her fleets  
Shall tame the haughtiest tyrants of the earth,  
And bear the hideous waste of ruthless war  
In thunder to their coasts ; from Ormus south  
And Ethiopia, far beyond the waves  
Of Indus, and of Ganges, shall extend  
Her conquests, and her commerce ; Zamo's  
sands,  
Down to Sumatra, Java, and the rich  
Sinaean kingdoms, stretching to the coasts  
Of Lybia, and Cyrenè, the scorch'd soil

Of

Of Mauritania, cool'd by Atlas shade ;  
Shall own great Albion's power, ev'n to the  
source

Of Niger's spacious flood, whose waters send  
Each day an ocean in the foaming deep,  
And rolling down, survey an hundred realms  
Stretch'd on their banks, and kings scarce  
known to fame,

Who tyrannize o'er Africk's western sands,  
Beyon d the Sun's bright journey to the Cape,  
Earth's furthest limits South : so wide shall spread  
Britannia's conquests, nor by these confin'd,  
For yet another world, that lies conceal'd  
Deep in the Western ocean, shall submit  
With all her savage nations, and receive  
Freedom, from conquest : all in vain, O Rome,  
Thou boast'st thy Scipio's, and thy Cæsar's fame,  
Thy consuls, and thy triumphs ; where they  
fought

And conquer'd, all their actions, wrote so fair  
On thy aspiring columns, when surpass'd  
By Albion's freeborn chiefs, and patriot kings.

Lo ! where Augusta shines, of Britain's isle  
The great metropolis, from whence are pour'd  
Millions on millions, large enough to fill  
Extended kingdoms, drawn from distant climes  
By wonder, to survey, her wealth, and fame,  
Beyond

Beyond report magnificent; the sun  
Sees nought so fair in all his annual course.  
Yon solemn pyle, contains the awful dust  
Of all her kings and heroes, while the dome  
That gave them crowns at first presents them  
tombs,

So near the grave doth human glory dwell:  
There sleep, the Saxon, and the Norman lines,  
Tudor, and Stuart; there the mighty chief  
Nassovian, how rever'd, in life, in death,  
The virtues of the hero; here inhum'd  
The glorious princes of the Brunswick race,  
Where once they rul'd belov'd, together rest,  
Fair with resembled light, and kindred forms.  
Behold, a youthful monarch who excell'd  
Each other scepter'd chief, how good! how  
fam'd!

Surveys an infant son with joy divine,  
Destin'd to wear that crown, whose lustre binds  
His own imperial temples; from his loyns  
A race of heroes sprung, shall fill the throne  
Of Britain's realms for ever. Liberty  
Securely resting on her faithful bow,  
The English quiver flaming on her back,  
Shall look with scorn on nations, while they groan  
In servitude around her, and defie  
The Austrian eagle, and the Gallic flag:

Her

Her firm militia, by her Genius rous'd,  
Awakes to arms, and with immense array  
Defends, the seats of freedom, and of peace ;  
Priests, ignorance, and all the banish'd crew,  
In superstition nurst, the slaves of Rome,  
With all th' attendants of despotic power,  
Chac'd from that lovely isle, shall view estrang'd  
Their abdicated sway : th' Arch Angel spoke,  
Replete, with joy, and wonder, Adam heard  
Of Albion's happiness, and half forgot  
His own sad fall, and loss of Paradise.

Then Prior left the Thespian grove,  
Where long the heav'ly bard had sat retir'd,  
With Bacchus, and the God of love,  
And tun'd his harp to themes that mirth inspir'd :  
While echo, from her mossy cave  
The vocal rocks among, <sup>and to soft A</sup>  
Warbled the Poet's artless song ;  
Thus Horace laid aside Pindarick lays,  
To celebrate his Lesbia's praise,  
For beauty conquers all the great and brave :  
Drawn by her flutt'ring doves, was seen  
Aloft in air, the Paphian queen,  
While all the graces, on his head  
Their fairest wreaths, their sweetest roses shed ;  
Yet

Yet to sublimer themes the lyre he strung,  
When Marlbro' conquer'd, or when William  
fought,

And truths divine in awful precepts taught,  
Or Emma's constant love, and Henry's transport  
fung.

Now pleas'd, great Brunswick's glories to  
rehearse,

He struck the noisy strings, and rais'd the lofty  
verse.

Arontha, fiercest of Canada's sons,  
(Oft had his spear been dy'd in hostile blood)

Where the wide stream of Horgehela runs,  
High on a rock, in savage armour, stood ;  
The grand, the beauteous, scene, before him lay ;  
Here forests waving o'er the mountain's brow ;

There clouds, yet ruddy with departed day,  
Blaz'd on the bosom of the deep below ;  
Far off appear'd, Quebeck's imperial town,  
By British hosts besieg'd, by British valour won.

No longer there the Gallic standards shine,  
Fall'n was the empire that so proudly rose ;  
Those fair unbounded regions, they resign  
To juster monarchs, and to braver foes ;

Britain

Britain had bought those realms by noble blood,  
There Wolf had conquer'd, and with fame  
expir'd ;

While Pit, firm guardian of his country's good,  
Each wond'rous scheme of mighty war inspir'd ;  
From his vain hopes th' ambitious Gaul was  
hurl'd,  
And Albion rose the queen of all the Western  
world.

Long wrapt in thought the Indian warrior frown'd,  
As o'er his soul the great remembrance came,  
Of ev'ry martial chief, that fell renown'd,  
The sons of Britain, and the heirs of fame ;  
Who, urg'd by love of glory, left thy shore  
Fair Albion, guarded by the ocean's waves ;  
To distant worlds thy red-cross banners bore,  
And crush'd the pride of Gallia's treach'rous  
slaves ;  
Oft for their loss the gen'rous savage sigh'd,  
And solemn echos mourn'd, along the swelling  
tyde.

Now empty visions of the night arise,  
Like fleeting vapours from the ev'ning plain ;  
New worlds, and beings strange, before the eyes  
Appear, the light creation of the brain ;

When

When on a mossy rock Arontha laid  
His weary'd limbs, oppress'd with silent sleep ;  
The mournful winds disturb the closing shade,  
Wave the light boughs, and o'er his garments  
sweep ;

While borne on fancy's wing, his soul explores  
Regions to him unknown, and Lands on golden  
shores.

A glitt'ring Arm, descending from on high,  
Drew back the clouded curtains of the air ;  
Pale was the gleam that dawn'd along the sky,  
Till Albion's chalky rocks in view appear ;  
Where ancient Thames his sounding torrents  
roll'd,  
Stretch'd on his urn the river God was seen ;  
White were his locks, his horns of figur'd gold,  
Toss'd by the breezes wav'd his mantle green ;  
His polish'd urn, thy spires, Augusta, show'd,  
Which in fictitious clouds, with milder lustre  
glow'd.

While in a tract of light his waters run,  
Lo, from th' unclosing deep a silver car  
Emerg'd, with coral blushing to the sun,  
And pearls, that shot their watry beam from  
far.

Call'd

Call'd from their ouzy chambers in the main,  
A smiling band of ocean's nymphs ascend,  
And dash the radiant surge; an active train  
Of azure Tritons, the gay pomp attend;  
Swift as a meteor was the chariot's flight,  
Whose falling splendor guilds, the raven brow of  
night.

A new-born infant there, on roses lay,  
Blooming, with innocence, and youth divine;  
Fair beams of glory round his temples play,  
Flash in his robes, and o'er the waters shine;  
Nor Jove Lycæan, whom great Rhæa bore  
On high Parhasia's clifts, and piny grove;  
Nor that wing'd deity, on Sydon's shore  
Brought forth, by Citheraea, queen of love;  
Nor Bacchus, from the Theban queen who  
sprung,  
As this fair infant seem'd, so beautiful, and  
young.

On purple wings the Cupids round him play,  
Catch the soft gales, and breathe them round  
the car;  
Heap'd at his feet, imperial sceptres lay,  
And crowns, and trophies gain'd in bloody  
war;

Majestick

Majestick swans the lucid chariot drew,  
Along the level wave the smooth wheels roll ;  
So soft their plumes, so lov'ly white their hue,  
That ev'n the gentle stream to them was  
foul ;  
At length they reach'd the sea's extended shore,  
Where dash'd on chalky cliffs, the billows foam  
and roar.

Stretch'd on her broken rocks, Britannia there  
Sat awful, guarded by her sailor train ;  
Those furious sons of tempest and of war,  
Her purple Crosses floating o'er the main ;  
Pensive Iérne, like a matron sage,  
Upon her ancient harp was seen reclin'd ;  
She mourn'd the fatal battle's wasteful rage,  
Fair wreaths of bay her sacred temples bind ;  
Around these sister queens a various band  
Advanc'd in foreign dress, and crowded all the  
strand.

Here Africk, with her black attendants stood,  
Whom the vast elephant superbly bore ;  
With Gurris, from Senegal's, and Gambia's flood,  
With slaves, from Widah's and Loango's shore,  
There from her spicy islands Asia came,  
From China, and Golconda ; Diamonds, Gold,  
C

And

And captive Gauls, she brought from Ganges  
stream ;

Her painted Garments wav'd in many a fold ;  
While rich America, in sables dress'd,  
The crowns of all her realms, before Britannia  
plac'd.

Now shooting o'er the waves, the chrystral car  
Approach'd, the Goddess rose, and joyful took  
The royal child, her hope, her pride, her care ;  
With smiles beheld him, and prophetick spoke.

“ Oh thou, to sceptres, and to conquest, born,  
“ From my lov'd George, and gracious  
“ Charlotte sprung ;  
“ What trophies shall thy future reign adorn,  
“ When rank'd my princes and my kings a-  
“ mong !  
“ When old in years and fame, thy pious fire  
“ Shall, to his kindred saints, and native heav'n,  
“ retire !

“ I mark the bright th'illustrious scenes appear,  
“ The triumph this of British liberty ;  
“ How great the conquests of so just a war !  
“ How bless'd are kings, when monarchs of  
“ the Free !  
“ How poor the glory of a tyrant's throne,  
“ The endless acts of arbitrary sway ;

“ To

“ To monarchs, absolute in good alone,  
“ To subjects who, from choice, their kings  
“ obey :  
“ Peace, plenty, wealth, shall bless the mer-  
“ chant's toil,  
“ And happiness reside in this triumphant isle.

“ Gigantick terror, striding round my shore,  
“ Shall shake her Gorgon Ægis, and apall  
“ The hearts of kings; beneath my naval  
“ power  
“ Vain insolence, and perfidy, shall fall ;  
“ While plenty strews herself along the streets,  
“ See, the proud Arch bestrides th' unruffled  
“ wave,  
“ Here shelt'ring ports embrace unnumber'd  
“ fleets,  
On the broad moles the baffled tempests  
“ rave ;  
“ O'er conquer'd realms, my colonys extend,  
“ And o'er Canada's wilds, imperial towns a-  
“ scand.

“ Long had the ancient world enjoy'd alone  
“ The charms of science, and the pride of  
“ power ;  
“ Now, led by freedom from the British throne,  
“ Shall sacred knowledge reach Canada's Shore ;  
C 2 “ Force

" Force the fierce Indians, in their native wild,  
 " To learn, of polish'd life, the finer arts ;  
 " By tuneful numbers, and instruction mild,  
 " Softning their manners rude, and brutal  
 " hearts ;  
 " Then shall the rocks harmonious echoes raise,  
 " And charm'd Savanna's hear, the muses war-  
 bled lays.

She spoke ; lo ! joyful murmurs soon arise,  
 Swelling at length to shouts ; the fading night  
 Call'd off her shadows from the morning skies,  
 And to the western ocean took her flight ;  
 When, from behind the hollow foaming sea,  
 Behold, a naval city rose to view ;  
 Their sails all gilded with the orient day,  
 Wav'd o'er an hemisphere of heav'nly blue ;  
 In their red flags the British Cross appear'd,  
 And, thund'ring from the deep, the Cannon's  
 voice was heard.

The ships, in vision strange, Arontha view'd ;  
 Of each triumphant hero, knew the name ;  
 There Albemarle, and dauntless Pocock; stood,  
 From either India crown'd with deathless  
 fame ;  
 There captive fleets the glorious pomp adorn'd  
 And haughty banners of presumptuous Spain ;  
 Whose

Whose Sons, their arrogance of insult mourn'd,  
And dar'd protect their kindred Gaul in vain ;  
While the free'd Indian, leaning o'er the deep,  
Smiles at their dire defeat, from Cuba's rocky  
steep.

When lo, the smoky cannon's thund'ring roar,  
And mingled shouts of triumph rent the sky ;  
The crouds, thick swarming on the noisy shore,  
With equal clamours to the fleet reply ;  
Arontha starts, he breaks the chains of sleep,  
And all the glorious vision fades away ;  
Meantime, Aurora o'er the mountain's steep  
Glorious appear'd, and hung with purple day  
The eastern vault of heav'n ; the Huron lord  
Fell prostrate, and the God of earth, and air  
ador'd.

Now from the moss-grown coral cave,  
Where smooth Ilyssus winds his stealing wave,  
Musæus rose ; where long in rapture laid,  
Fond of the silver stream, and soothing shade,  
He past immortal years, among  
The sons of science, and of song ;  
Crown'd with the sage's, and the poet's praise,  
Bles'd in his life, and bles'd in all his lays ;  
Who far from courts retir'd, and pomp and  
strife,  
Mov'd calmly to the peaceful verge of life ;

Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd,  
His muse alike unpension'd and unstain'd :  
His lyre immortal Homer's songs employ,  
The fall of Hector, and the wars of Troy ;  
The Grecian chiefs in British numbers shine,  
And from his touch receive, a colour more divine :

At length, in Albion's praise began the bard,  
In Tempe's sacred grove with joy the muses  
heard.

Let others sing, of war, and fields of death,  
The waste of fame, the hero's purple wreath ;  
Achilles fatal rage, whence discord rose,  
And sacred Illium's long protracted woes,  
Delight no more ; begin, immortal nine,  
To Brunswick's praise, and make the song divine.

Now from the swelling deep the Sun arose,  
A robe of cloudy gold around him flows,  
Bright in the sky he shakes the golden rein,  
The fiery car still hissing in the main,  
His snorting coursers bound along the tyde,  
And radiant dash th' unburnish'd waves aside ;  
At length ascending with immortal force,  
Along heav'n's lofty arch, he takes his glorious  
course :

When

When the fair Queen, of Beauty, and of Love,  
Forsook, her Gnidian fane, and Paphian grove ;  
On those white rocks, where Britain's ocean  
    roars,

Pensive she lean'd, and thus her fate deplores :  
For all despairing, on her once lov'd coast,  
She wept, her glory sunk, her empire lost ;  
No more, arising from her parent seas,  
In Albion's realms she view'd her altars blaze ;  
No more, in sacred fetters Hymen bound  
The hearts, of warrior knights, and nymphs re-  
    nown'd ;

Mars, horrid Mars, with banners dy'd in gore,  
Had call'd her heroes to Germania's shore,  
And ev'ry beauteous Maid on Albion's plain,  
Now mourn'd, a brother or a lover slain ;  
“ Ah when wilt thou restore to human race  
“ (She cry'd) Oh Jove, the Halcyon days of  
    “ peace,  
“ Grim Mars terrific shakes his shadowy shield,  
“ And iron harvests loadeth' uncultur'd field ;  
“ Nations, by roaring seas divided far,  
“ Break nature's bounds, and rush to horrid  
    “ war ;  
“ While lost Germania, by ~~from~~ her hundred  
    “ thrones  
“ Laments, her ruin'd realms, and slaughter'd  
    “ sons ;

" Behold, the Indian thro' Canada's groves,  
 " Detested fiend! in quest of plunder rôves ;  
 " With cries of murder fills the echoing wood,  
 " And bathes his furious hands in human blood ;  
 " Now bears the gory scalps of Britons slain,  
 " And stalks at night's pale noon the glim'ring  
 " plain."

Thus spoke the Goddess, pensive and alone,  
 And Albion's chalky cliffs return'd her moan ;  
 Till on th' imperial Thames she turn'd her eyes,  
 Where proud Augusta's glitt'ring spires arise ;  
 Bless'd with a monarch, thro' the world re-

" nown'd, At home with peace, abroad with conquest,  
 crown'd ; When lo, a flight of little loves appear,  
 Who fan'd, with rosy wings, the fragrant air ;  
 Amidst the rest, her smiling son was seen,  
 And bent his rapid flight to beauty's Queen ;  
 The sports and joys, exulting in the sky,  
 Proclaim his triumph, as around they fly ;  
 Their waving torches blaz'd with Hymen's fires,  
 Fann'd by soft sighs, and fed by chaste desires ;  
 When thus the God, and pois'd his purple

Wings,

Of Albion's prince the birth auspicious sings.

and \* The

“ The time is come, in druid rhimes foretold,  
“ When heav’n renews the happy age of gold ;  
“ Their destin’d round the mighty months have  
“ run,  
“ And joyful Albion hails the promis’d son ;  
“ The father to the world shall peace restore,  
“ And war shall waste fair Europe’s realms no  
“ more ;  
“ Ambition then shall cease to plague mankind,  
“ And chains of brass the ruthless tyrant bind ;  
“ No more for Gallia, in the Eastern skies,  
“ Shall diamonds blaze, and spicy forests rise ;  
“ The beamy gold that brightens Africk’s sands,  
“ The costly firs of wide Canada’s lands,  
“ Her savage nations, and her secret mines,  
“ To victor Britain she with tears resigns ;  
“ How chang’d, alas, from what she seem’d of  
“ late !  
“ How fall’n her empire, and how lost her  
“ state !  
“ When haughty Lewis, round his tyrant throne,  
“ Saw monarchs bend, and half the globe his  
“ own ;  
“ For this he pour’d his millions to the plain,  
“ Nor felt the mighty loss of nations slain ;  
“ Lo, Peace arising from her beds of flowers,  
“ Joyous prepares to lead the jocund hours,  
“ To

“ To tread with sparkling feet the swelling main,  
“ And bring rich commerce to Britannia’s plain ;  
“ All nature smiles, the earth her coming  
“ knows,  
“ And ev’ry breast with genial rapture glows ;  
“ A keener transport points the fair one’s eyes,  
“ And cold suspence from her warm bosom  
“ flies ;  
“ No love form’d fears disturb her harmless rest,  
“ But throbbing expectation fills her breast ;  
“ Soon shall the constant youth from war return,  
“ Soon shall the sacred torch of Hymen burn ;  
“ Ah far less happy, feign’d Arcadia’s plains,  
“ Its nymphs less lov’ly, and less brave its  
“ swains ;  
“ Behold, the glorious hero comes from war,  
“ And ev’ry Mars shall meet a Venus here.”

Th' immortal spoke ; the queen of soft de-  
fies,

From the waste shore, to Windsor's shades re-  
tires ;  
Rejoyc'd in George and Charlotte's hearts to  
reign ;

And all the loves and graces form her train.  
He ended: when an ancient sage drew near,  
Of habit strange, and form, the bofy shield  
Blaz'd

Blaz'd on his arm, the warrior's shadowy spear  
Sustain'd his feeble steps along the field ;  
The hand of age had clos'd his eyes in night,  
But battles rose before his mental sight ;  
His own heroick deeds in arms he sung,  
Sad tales, of slaughter'd chiefs, and ravish'd  
maids ;

In wildest harmony the lyre he strung,  
Spectres around him gleam'd, and hero's  
shades ;

'Twas Ossian : loud he struck the noisy chord,  
As when at Selma's festive board,  
He footh'd the soul of Morven's mighty lord.  
When fair Minona, hapless maid,  
Salgar's mournful death assay'd ;  
And Alpine, with his head of snow,  
Rais'd the tuneful song of woe ;  
Silent now in death they sleep,  
And Fingal's son alone, was heard to weep.

Here let me sit, and hear the sound  
Of woods, by tempests bow'd around ;  
For cold and bleak the blustery winds  
Rush o'er the foam of Erin's seas ;  
Nor Ossian's spirit comfort finds  
In martial deeds, or sacred lays ;  
Oh send the night away in song,  
And till the cloudy morn, the joy of grief prolong.  
For

For many chiefs, and maids of love,  
 On Innisfail's green mountains rove ;  
 And many, are the songs of woe,  
 That sad from Albion's rocks resound ;  
 Thro' Lochlyn's forests, tempests blow,  
 Of Swaran once the realm renown'd ;  
 But Morven, boasts of Fingal's name,  
 And Selma's echoing halls, are fill'd with Ossian's fame.

Oh Fingal, terrible in fight,  
 Why cou'd not Ossian share thy might ?  
 But thou, my father, stoodst alone,  
 For who could equal Morven's king ?  
 Fair, as the morning's golden throne,  
 Swift, as the lightning's fiery wing ;  
 Strong, as the rocks of Ardven's shore,  
 And dreadful as the waves of foaming Innistore.

Yet shall I not your presence leave,  
 You mist my spirit shall receive ;  
 My robes, those watry clouds shall form,  
 When on the mountains I appear ;  
 I'll walk majestick on the storm,  
 While lightnings thro' the darkness glare ;  
 Me shall the sons of men behold,  
 And wonder at the size of chiefs of old.

Bends

Bends not a tree from Mora's waste ?  
It bends before the rustling blast ;  
Mine harp upon the branch depends,  
How sad the murmur of the strings !  
Oh harp, what passing ghost descends,  
And from thy shell such music brings ?  
Oh strike the harp, and raise the song,  
Ye winds, to Fingal bear the solemn dirge along.

The northern blast hath open thrown  
Thy Gates, oh king, I see thy throne ;  
Seated on mists, thine aweful power,  
All dimly shining in thine arms ;  
The terror of the brave no more,  
How faint, the brightness of thy charms ;  
Ev'n like a watry mist, that flies  
Athwart the stars with all their weeping eyes.

Oh, chief, thy steps are on the storm,  
Which Morven's desert hills deform ;  
The tempests darken in thine hand,  
Thou tak'st the bright sun in thy wrath,  
And hid'st in clouds ; at thy command  
A thousand show'rs o'erflow the heath ;  
The sons of little mortals fear,  
Wond'ring what spirit thus disturbs the air.

But

But when from heav'n thou comest mild,  
 Oft have the groves of Morven smil'd ;  
 Near to thy course the morn's soft gale,  
 Laughs in his azure fields the sun ;  
 The grey stream winds along the vale,  
 The swift Roes to the desert run ;  
 Their verdant heads the forests bow,  
 And o'er th' awaging waves the breezes blow.

I hear a murmur on the heath,  
 The stormy winds withhold their breath ;  
 'Tis Fingal calls on Ossian's name ;  
 " Oh come, my Ossian, haste away ;  
 " For Fingal hath receiv'd his fame,  
 " Like mighty fires he past away ;  
 " The plains forget the voice of war,  
 " And four grey stomes, our ancient praise de-  
 "clare."  
 " Thy voice was heard, my feasts among,  
 " In Selma's hall thine harp was strung ;  
 " Oh come, my Ossian, come away,  
 " Fly with thy father on the gales —  
 " — Thou king of heroes, I obey,  
 " The song, the life, of Ossian fails ;"  
 On Cona now I disappear'd,  
 No more my voice in Selma's hall was heard.

Beside

Beside the stone of Mora's steep,  
The cheerless night of death I weep ;  
My flowing hair the breezes bind,  
Light wave the boughs that shade my  
breast ;  
Depart, upon thy wings, O wind,  
Thou canst not break the poet's rest ;  
The night is long, but dark his eyes,  
Depart, thou rustling blast, to other skies.  
Why, son of Fingal, why this woe,  
That clouds thy soul, and shades thy brow ?  
The chiefs of other times decay,  
Without renown, their spirit flies ;  
The future race shall pass away,  
And sons of other years arise ;  
Like hoary Ocean's toiling waves  
They break, they fall, like woody Morven's  
leaves.  
For lo, the rising winds resound,  
And strews them wither'd on the ground ;  
When other buds successive rise,  
And lift their verdant heads in air ;  
In death thy beauty Ryno lies,  
Stood Oscar on his whistling car ?

Ev'n

Ev'n Fingal shar'd the Mortal lot,  
And in his father's hall, his footsteps are forgot,

Shall Ossian last, the aged bard,  
When time not Fingal's greatness spar'd ?

His glory shall for ever last,  
As Morven's oak of mighty force,

Which lifts its broad head to the blast,  
Rejoycing at the tempest's course ;

And sons of future years, admire  
The deeds of Morven's chiefs, and Ossian's vocal lyre,

To me the sceptre not descends,  
Which o'er the western isles extends,

Yet shall my children reign renown'd,  
And many a royal youth arise,

The kings of warlike Morven crown'd,  
The virtuous fav'rites of the skies,

Like stern Cuchullin fam'd in fight,  
Like Cormac's youthful race, their people's dear

delight.

Ev'n when, to Fingal's honour'd shade,  
The last sad duties shall be paid ;

A youthful monarch shall maintain,  
In Albion's isle, fair freedom's throne ;

Shall

Shall rule, with sov'reign nod, the main,  
And glory to be Ossian's son ;  
Bards yet unborn shall sound his praise,  
Nor shall the world forget his father's lays.

Another Fingal shall inspire,  
His martial tribes with sacred fire,  
Politer ages wond'ring hear,  
The manners rude of antient times,  
Their savage discipline of war,  
Our feast of shells, and runie rhymes ;  
What lands became th' invader's prey,  
How, many a lov'ly dame, the spoiler forc'd a  
way.  
He ceas'd, when lo, a youthful bard was seen,  
O'er-aw'd, at distance from the tuneful throng,  
Silent he stood, nor rais'd th' enraptur'd song,  
Yet unacquainted with th' Aonian green ;  
An artless vot'ry of the sacred nine,  
He felt the glim'ring of their rays divine ;  
When on the Slany's rocky shore he play'd,  
Nor ask'd admission to the Thespian shade ;  
But dropt, a plaintive tear, on Brunswick's hearse,  
And rais'd to Hymen's rites th'ambitious verse ;  
For early taught, with patriot fires to glow,  
In GEORGE's praise, his honest numbers flow ;

And now inform'd, that ev'ry British bard  
To sing the birth of Britain's Prince prepar'd,  
Again to lofty strains his lyre he strung,  
And thus, once more, in mystic numbers sung.

Oh lyre divine, which winged Hermes found  
On cold Cylene's rocks, and fixt above ;  
Then taught the silver strings their magic sound,  
Vocal, to celebrate the birth of Jove,  
By whose dread bolt, on Phlegra's smoking plain,  
Lay the Tytannian race, his ancient rivals slain.

What mighty subject shall the poet chuse ?  
The deeds of heroes, or the fall of kings ?  
Can arms, and war, delight the peaceful muse ?  
Or mortal battles, suit the sounding strings ?  
Enough of Hector's fall the world hath heard,  
Enough of Troy, hath sung th' immortal Grecian bard.

Seek we, near Pila's consecrated stream,  
The Theban Iwan, by heav'nly raptures fed ;  
Whom oft the muses taught some hallow'd  
theme,

Whom oft, to Tempe's flow'ry vale they led ,  
Shew'd him, where all the springs of Pindus run,  
And ev'ry echoing cave of tuneful Helicon.

Thence

Thence, to admiring Greece, harmonious flow'd  
The fam'd Olympic song, or Istmian lays ;  
Sacred, to Jove, and Pisa's guardian God,  
To Theron's virtue, or to Hiero's praise ;  
The mighty, and the brave, the song rever'd ;  
Him all the virtuous lov'd, and ev'ry tyrant  
fear'd.

'Twas on a day, at Hiero's festive board  
He sat exalted, 'midst the tuneful choir ;  
The Prince commands, obedient to the word,  
Down from the glitt'ring nail he took the lyre ;  
Achilles' birth th' inraptur'd poet sings,  
And strikes, with iv'ry quill, the loud resounding  
strings.

When azure Thetis, silver footed maid,  
The fairest daughter of th' imperial main,  
Rose from the deep, in virgin charms array'd,  
And sought, in Thessaly, her destin'd reign ;  
Gigantick Tritons on the shore were seen,  
Sounding their wreathed shells ; the Nereids wait  
their queen.  
For Progeny thus reveal'd the fates decrees.  
" A son from thee, immortal fair, shall spring ;

“ If born a God, the first of deities,  
“ If mortal born, of men the greatest king ;  
‘ All Greece, with transport shall the hero own,  
‘ And distant Asia shake, upon her Phrygian  
“ throne.”

For this, the God who hurls the forked flame,  
Restrain’d the purpose of his ardent love ;  
Tho’ much enamour’d of the beauteous dame,  
He fear’d in heav’n a greater power than Jove ;  
Ev’n to admiring Gods deny’d her charms,  
And doom’d, th’ exalted maid, to some blest’d  
mortal’s arms.

That time, Alcides, his heroick son,  
Pursu’d by Juno’s unrelenting hate,  
His course, of dreadful labours, had begun,  
Long vers’d, in rigid toil, and stern debate ;  
Against the tyrants of the earth he war’d,  
And arms, and winter camps, to beds of down  
prefer’d ;  
O'er heav'n built Troy, luxurious Priam reign'd,  
Whom Asia’s states effeminate obey’d,  
But not his prayers the heav’ly bride obtain’d ;  
Tho’ late, the Cyprian Queen, in Ida’s shade,

Had

Had bless'd Anchises with immortal charms,  
Whence sprung, the Dardan prince, *Æneas* fam'd  
in arms.

Beyond, proud Argos, or the Spartan shore,  
Thessalia's fruitful kingdoms were renown'd ;  
*Æacian* Peleus there the sceptre bore,  
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry virtue, crown'd ;  
His fame in arms each neighb'ring Prince admir'd,  
Him for her plighted lord, each royal dame desir'd.

'Twas from his coast, the Argonautick band,  
Adventrous to possess the golden fleece,  
Laune'd the fam'd Argo, from the crowded  
strand,  
Which to Iolchos bore the chiefs of Greece ;  
Heroes, and demi-gods ; by whom o'erthrown,  
Fell th' aspiring walls, of false Laomedon.

On Peleus then, the will divine, bestow'd  
This sea-born beauty, this immortal bride ;  
In vain, the envy of each rival god,  
By fate's stern purpose, ev'n to Jove deny'd ;  
Now on Thessalia's foaming shore she stood,  
Fair as the Cyprian Queen, and blushing from the

When

When Chiron, rushing down a shadowy rock,  
 Appear'd, with more than mortal fury fir'd ;  
 In his strong hand he whirl'd a mountain oak,  
 Prophetick knowledge then his breast inspir'd :  
 Far o'er the main his thund'ring voice he sent,  
 Whose fateful accents shook the Phrygian con-  
 tinent.

“ Proud faithless Troy, before the raging war,  
 “ Thy gates shall burst, thy brazen bulwarks  
 “ fall ;  
 “ Tho' Neptune, and the golden Phœbus rear  
 “ With heav'nly art, and toil, thy boasted  
 “ wall ;  
 “ Another king shall gain the sov'reign pow'r,  
 “ And Dardan's faithless race, disturb the world  
 “ no more.”  
 “ Dark o'er Eubœa spreads the gath'ring host  
 “ Of Greece, confed'rate to revenge her wrongs ;  
 “ The num'rous fleets rise ; dreadful sound the  
 “ coast,  
 “ Crowded with warrior chiefs, and martial  
 “ throngs ;  
 “ Green Neptune sooms, convulst with dashing  
 “ oars,  
 “ And frightened Asia shrinks in all her subject  
 “ shores.

Swift

“ Swift Simois, change to blood thy silver waves,  
“ No more thy woods shall echo to the chace,  
“ Dark, fountful, Ide ; but from thy secret caves,  
“ To realms remote, shall fly the Silvan race,  
“ Scar’d by the noise of arms ; thy peaceful  
“ shade,  
“ Shall human gore pollute, and savage foes in-  
“ vade ;  
“ Rise, terrible in war, Achilles, rise,  
“ Thou dreadful enemy of perjur’d Troy ;  
“ Resistless hero, destin’d by the skies  
“ To waste the realms of Asia, to destroy ;  
“ From Peleus, and the green hair’d Thetis,  
“ sprung ;  
“ Champion of Greece arise, the valiant and the  
“ young ;  
The Centaur spoke ; and lo, a festive throng  
The joyful nuptials of their king proclaim ;  
Nor wanted, knightly sport, or Poet’s song,  
Thro’ Greece was spread th’immortal beauty’s  
fame ;  
Her for their Queen, Pelasgic armies own,  
Exalted to adorn, the fam’d Æacian throne.  
Now nine revolving moons their course had run,  
When the fair Queen invok’d Lucina’s aid ;  
To her lov’d Peleus bore the promis’d son,  
And thus the purpose of the fates obey’d ;  
Achilles then she call’d the royal boy,  
Whose birth the ruin prov’d of Priamœan Troy.

To

AMINT

To make the princ' invincible in war,  
 She took, and plung'd him in the Stygian flood,  
 At length great Hector fell beneath his spear,  
 And swift Scamander flow'd in waves of blood;  
 Then Ilium tumbld from her loftyest tower,  
 Triumphant Greece return'd, and Paris was no  
 more.

'Twas thus, in Tempe's echoing shade,  
 Their monarch's praise, the British bards essay'd,  
 While Pindus sacred caverns round,  
 With all his groves, to th' heav'nly noise  
 Of their sweet instruments did sound,  
 And hollow hills, from which the silver voice  
 Of echo did rebound,  
 The woodland nymphs, and light foot Naiades,  
 Rush'd from the rocks; and all the Silvan train  
 Of Fauns, and Satyrs, swell'd the solemn strain,  
 While rous'd, by their immortal harmonies,  
 Britannia's genius, from his secret cave,  
 In all the majesty of freedom rose,  
 And march'd, in martial pride,  
 The lion ramping by his side;  
 Conquest and commerce their bright ensigns  
 wave;  
 Thames saw, and swell'd for joy his silver floods,  
 And ancient Windsor, bow'd with all his woods,  
 Triumphing in another GEORGE's birth,  
 He pour'd his flaming spirit o'er the earth,  
 And issu'd stern, to quell his vaunting foes.  
 Thus fixt thy throne, thus happy is thy reign,  
 Oh lord of Britain's isles, oh sovereign of the  
 main!

THE END.

